legs, while another contingent has smartest black and white plumage and amber bills.

The plains of India are the biggest and loveliest aviary in the world, and the flight of grey herons drifting cloud-like over a lake of lotus, gives place the next moment to the jade rice-field, powdered by a flock of white pelicans, the solitary stork with the squat body and immense yellow beak, the dazzling glint of the blue jay, the splendid isolation of the peacock, the harem of mother monkeys, each with a baby at her breast. While ever the temple spire and banner above the peepuls beyond the ground where the black buck and antelope calmly graze reminds us why the fur and feathers do not fly from man. And the setting sun gilds the field of white pampas plumes into a silver point, and the palms and eucalyptus appear as though etched in jet against the molten sky*

It was late in the evening, and a soft, warm flush suffused the Ganges, when from the railway carriage windows, for the first

time in this incarnation, I saw the sacred spires of KashL

In India it is always the unexpected that happens. The desert gives birth to the world's